Things paſt redreſſe, are now with me paſt care. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we have ſtayd ten dayes.
And hardly kept our Countrymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King:
Therefore we will diſperſe our ſelves: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſty Welchman,
The King repoſeth all his confidence in thee.
Capt. Tis thought the King is dead, we will not ſtay;
The Bay-trees in our Country all are wither'd,
The Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heaven;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-lookt Prophets whiſper fearefull change;
Rich men looke ſad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to loſe what they enioy,
The other to enjoy by Rage, and Warre:
Theſe ſignes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countrymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*
Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauy mind,
I ſee thy Glory, like a ſhooting Starre,
Fall to the baſe Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt.
Witneſſing ſtormes to come, woe, and unreſt:
Thy friends are fled, to waite upon thy foes,
And croſſely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Roſſe, Percy, Willoughby; with Buſhy and Greene, priſoners.

Bul. Bring forth theſe men:
Buſhy and *Greene*, I will not vex your ſoules,
(Since preſently your ſoules muſt part your bodies)
With too much urging your pernitious liues,
For 'twere no Charity: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will unfold ſome cauſes of your deaths,
You have miſled a Prince, a royall King,
A happy Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you unhappied, and diſfigur'd cleane:
You have in manner with your ſinfull houres
Made a Divorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the poſſeſſion of a Royall Bed,
And ſtayn'd the beauty of a faire Queenes Cheeke
With teares drawne from her eyes, with your
My ſelfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth, (wr
Neere to the King in Blood, and neere in love,
Till you did make him miſ-interpret me,
Have ſtoopt my necke under your injuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in forraigne Clouds
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment;
While you have fed upon my Seigniories,
Diſ-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forreſt woo
From mine owne windowes torne my Houſhold
Raz'd out my Impreſe, leaving me no ſigne,
Save mens opinions, and my living blood,
To ſhew the world I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all thi